

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

[VOL. IV.]

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THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE
AUTHOR OF
"ABALLINO."

[Continued.]

WITH a firm and dignified step the youth advanced to the bar, and fixed his piercing eyes on those of Berodsko.—The clarions were sounded—the accusing witness was called:—a third time he was called, when a Monk almost bent double, his head folded in a thick cowl, and embracing a large rosary, which he pressed against his long silver beard, advanced, and bowed reverently to the assembly—"Great priests, nobles, and judges, I come by virtue of my sacred office, to bear to you the dying confession of the deserter Roulotz, who was present at the awful moment when he caught the youngest son of Woronof in the act of bearing away the murdered body. He had himself deserted that night, from a fear of the horrors of the next day, and taking his way through the dreadful dell, he stopped at the contiguous caves, to take shelter from the impending storm. During this, he heard a footstep descend; and fearful of pursuit, he retired farther within the cave. Listening, however, attentively, and hearing nothing farther, he again advanced to the mouth of the cave, when he saw a taper, heard voices and the clash of weapons, and presently after, by the glare of a horrid flash of lightning, saw a person fall.

"Roulotz, still afraid of attacking such unequal force, and being himself discovered, hesitated, though he was armed, to seize the bravoës. In the mean time all was hushed for a few minutes, when one of them returned to the spot, seemed to dig with eagerness, and then with difficulty, bore a bleeding corpse in armour to the mouth of the cave where Roulotz was. The latter, now on equal terms, seized the assassin, who was disguised in a friar's long cloak, and so ably defended himself, that he made his escape, first giving the unfortunate Roulotz that fatal wound of which he expired this morning.

"Before the flight, however, of the assassin, Roulotz certified him to be Lianskoi, and took the cloak in which he had disguised himself. The body he left in the cave, and made immediately for the first place where he could obtain relief for his wound. I found him under the walls of our convent; and eager that such an important discovery should not be defeated. I procured an interview between him and Barbaro, to whom he produced this gorget, marked with the young prince's name, and torn from him in the scuffle, as a proof of the identity of his person!

"Roulotz is now no more—but I now stand in his stead, and deliver to this noble assembly, this personal proof of Lianskoi's concern in the assassination."

Barbaro and Berodsko nodded in token of assent, and ordered that the pious tot-

tering Monk should be indulged with a chair. His important evidence was confirmed by some of the soldiers who had been in Woronof's army, as far as respected the absence of the young Prince at the fatal hour; and the old King having been seen to pass the confines of the outposts with a hooded friar, in the direction of the Dell, near the castle of Horsa.

All the members of the court shook their heads in ominous prognostication of the guilt of Lianskoi, who stood erect, and with his eye, darted volumes of reproach and accusation into the bosoms of his two high accusers. Barbaro suggested to the court, that, upon such evidence there could not be a doubt, and called for their decision; but the Abbot of Rodno, rising, insisted that the prisoner be heard before he be condemned. This was with some difficulty, assented to by the creatures of Berodsko; and Lianskoi, with a collected and dignified air, thus addressed the assembly: "Most noble and holy Bulgarians, I stand here with a heart of innocence and purity. To have loved my father with a duty and affection foreboding an adoration, must be in the recollection, even of my enemies. In the earlier part of my life, he placed me under Malcar's instruction and example, to which he wished to assimilate my practice: but, my lords, if I had lacked a spring to that imitation, I should have found it in a tender motive, in a growing affection for his accomplished and incomparable daughter. We played together,

we emulated each other in improvement, and every hill and valley abounded with new beauties as we sauntered through them. My father approved of our affection; but Malcar thinking our judgments should be more ripe before making such an important choice, sent his daughter to a foreign court, while I entered into a foreign service. Fate destined me to serve in that quarter where Seraphia resided, and here our fond hearts became more attached than ever. At length she returned, and lived secluded, while I was fighting in the service of the Emperor of Germany, till the war broke out between Malcar and Berodsko, when I returned to assist my beloved father—to defend his sacred person, not to be his assassin. Now I draw towards that dreadful night in which he disappeared.

"Hear me, Heaven!—If I am criminal, let thy thunderbolt strike me! let thy forked lightnings consume the parricide!—On that night previous to the expected battle, I deserted the camp to meet my beloved Seraphia. She came by appointment with a servant on horseback. We alighted, and sauntered till the lowering horizon threatened an approaching storm.—As the darkness increased, we felt our hearts dejected.—It became at length indispensable to part—we hung upon each other like children, and with prayers and tears, tore ourselves asunder. I bent my way round that part of the wood which skirts the dell of Horsas, where I observed the glimmer of a light: I drew nearer—the light was extinguished, and I heard the sound of contention. A long and horrid flash of lightning, as if all its vivid brilliancy had collected into one glare, now plainly discovered two men, one of whom gave a third a stab in the side, and, as he fell, the unextracted sword was snapped with a report that reverberated through the desolate wilds! Merciful Heaven! I exclaimed, that is not manly war! it is dark assassination. I hastened to descend; but by the time I had cleared the brakes and underwood in that pathless descent, they had taken an easier route, and were gone. I then trod on some soft earth, and kicked the broken blade of a sword; with this I penetrated the ground, and finding it enter readily, I un-earthed a body, clad in armour, the head of which, was covered with a friar's gown, and the neck infolded by white linen of a fine texture. Finding the body warm, I essayed to carry it to the nearest abode, and

had proceeded some part of the way, when my strength was inadequate to the task, and I turned aside to deposit it at the entrance of a rocky cavern: I was bending over the body, clad in the friar's habit, which I had put on to save me from the blood and dirt my dress would otherwise have been covered with, when I was assailed by a soldier in uniform, who grappled with me, accused me with the assassination, and would have poinarded me, if I had not pierced him with the broken blade which I had found, and immediately fled, leaving behind me the friar's garb, and part of my own military dress.

"I returned to the camp, fearful that my absence might have been observed; nor was it till the dawn that the terrific idea suggested itself, that the dead corpse I had been so anxious to save, was that of a beloved father!—I treasured up the secret in my own breast.

"You, nobles and dignified prelates, know what followed:—My brother succeeded to the throne, and I to a dungeon in the fortress of Horsas. The world supposed I was sent on a private negotiation to the Court of Denmark, while I languished, concealed from every one, under the barbarous and indirect charge of being (almighty powers!) the murderer of such a father as mine! Here, inspired one day by the guardian Angel of my Seraphia, I ventured my life for liberty and love! I leaped from the prison window into the stream which waters that angle of the east tower: I escaped unhurt, and immediately on foot commenced my journey, pregnant with my injuries, and trusting that redress would almost precede my accusation.

"I arrived on that evening of festivity, and found not that welcome which I expected. I suspected not till that moment that the governor had acted, as he declared, from high authority: alas! it is not for me to calumniate, who have nothing to prove—but Heaven will in its own time produce the lurking assassin, and avenge the blood of Woronof and Lianskoi on their murderer!"

Barbaro now spoke:—"My lords, where the circumstances are so unequivocal, not a doubt can remain of guilt.—We have proved the prisoner's identity by his gorget, his removal of the body probably to a more convenient place of

secrecy, and the disguise under which this atrocious parricide was committed. That Lianskoi was at that time out, is admitted by Malcar's daughter in her confession to the noble Berodsko, who, apprised by the deserter Roulotz of the truth, would have avoided the painful task of this day, by assigning his brother an apartment in the town of Horsas, till the nefarious transaction had subsided in his own royal mind, and that of the people. Justice demands that his guilt be no longer suffered to escape—that he no more assist the traitor Malcar in his attack on the royal person, nor share in the royal clemency!"

The Count decided immediately upon the fate of Lianskoi, against the remonstrance of the Abbot of Rodno, who wished to leave the decision open, till the daughter of Malcar's evidence could be obtained.—The Chief Judge now arrayed himself in the robes of death, and wore the black cap, on which were the ornaments of the rack and the axe. He was about to pronounce the sentence of torture and decapitation, when Seraphia burst in from the side door, and the tottering Monk hastened to meet her.—She ran to the place where Lianskoi stood, exclaiming, "Hear me, hear me!" and sunk senseless at the feet of the youth. From her hands fell a broken sabre, a red-stained banner, and a friar's robe, which she had held up as she flew to the prisoner.

[To be concluded in our next.]

SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SELECTED.

The following advice to females on the management of a lover, will be found worthy the attention of our fair readers.

A Lover should be perpetually employed. He should have every thing to fear, and very little to hope for; take from him the necessity of constant assiduity, and he will very soon lose the wish to please. Security is the poison of love; the little God, if suffered to be conscious of possessing wings, will never rest till he has tried their strength; and if once permitted to soar from the shackles of allurements, he never will return except to reproach his tyrant for past inhumanity.

Every thing that lives delights in liberty, except the lover; like the feathered warbler, who, long confined, sings, contentedly in his wiry habitation, he enjoys his slavery; give him his freedom, and he roves a miserable wanderer, seeking new pleasures and new chains; nor does he recover his wonted felicity, till he is again fascinated by the spell of female enchantment. If we have no object to please, we soon lose the desire of appearing amiable. If you would secure the affections of your lover, teach him to deserve you by a proper respect for your own attractions, and be assured that the moment he ceases to dread the punishment of losing you, you will have no farther claims upon his constancy or affection.

Why do we often see the assiduous and doating lover metamorphosed into the churlish and splenetic husband? Not because the object of his passion becomes less amiable or desirable. Why thus he spurns from him the kind assidivities of social comfort, the attentions of friendship, and the endearing solitudes of affection? Not because his mind is incapable of enjoying these delights, but that the heart, gratified in every wish, has nothing more to hope for! The appetite palls upon a banquet of unvarying sweets: and when we repine at the fluctuations of fortune, and the little vicissitudes of the world, we are guilty of injustice towards heaven.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

The enclosed I transcribed for your useful paper. I hope you will insert it as I think it may not prove unacceptable to your fair readers.

BENEDICT.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

The Lover. You do every thing well, madam.

Husband. My dear, you don't seem to me to know how to do any thing.

Lover. How well you look to day—indeed, you are charming in any dress.

Husband. How frightful you are. I wish you would put on your clothes a little more becomingly.

Lover. That's a pretty cap. How elegant is your taste.

Husband. That hedious hat! My dear, you will never learn to dress yourself.

Lover. What pretty sentiments, how well you express yourself on every subject.

Husband. You know not how to talk on any subject as you ought to do; therefore pray hold your tongue.

Lover. Let me know your opinion, my dear madam; it shall ever guide me.

Husband. What does it signify, my dear, what you say on the subject; I never consult women.

Lover. How neatly you carve that fowl; it is a pleasure to see you.

Husband. How awkward you are! the meat grows cold before you can cut it up; and, after all, it is done in such a manner, that I cannot eat it.

Lover. I am so concerned to see you indisposed; can I offer nothing that will be of service to you, madam?

Husband. It is all your own fault, my dear, that you have got this cold; never take care of yourself.

THE MUSICAL PIGEON.

AS RELATED BY MRS. PIOZZI.

AN odd thing to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London, by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals that can live at Venice, where, as I observed, scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, I trust obtained so perfect an ear for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing; for as soon as he sits down to the instrument Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If, however, he or any one else strike a note false, or make any discord upon the keys, the pigeon never fails to shew evident marks

of anger and distress; and if he remains long, grows quite enraged, pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner, as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre, lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I choose to call and confirm my own belief. A friend present, protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment to fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instructions. With regard to other actions of life, I saw nothing particularly in the pigeon, but his tameness and strong attachment to his master; for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house, or quit his master's service, any more than the dove of Anacreon:

While his better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drops asleep upon his lyre.

OSSIAN AND HOMER.

There are in Ossian many pleasing passages; but the perpetual recurrence of the same images, and a continual effort to effect the sublime, so wearies the mind, that I can never read but a few pages at a time. Ossian resembles a tremendous rock, overhung with waving woods, where you may discover foaming cataracts, gloomy caverns, and dismal precipices. Homer is like a fertile country, in which you may at once contemplate the variegated beauties of woods and waterfalls; torrents, which rush with impetuosity from lofty mountains and streams, which murmur through Arcadian vales. Like the shield of Achilles, the poems of Homer present the whole world to our view.

The calm presence of a sublime mind inspires veneration, excites great thoughts and noble sentiments in the wise and good.

FROM THE EMERALD.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is the bond of society, and therefore the most important object of the politician's investigation. Love, the most violent of passions, finds here its reward; and as that love only can insure permanent peace and honour the human heart, which is controuled by virtue, all men of sense look up to that condition as "the perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

Whoever considers the influence of the sex upon our manners, the irresistible force of the passion they inspire, will confess that the heart is capable of being mended, and the conduct reformed by a connexion with an amiable woman. The way she points will be implicitly followed, for there is no judgment so strong, and no reason so conclusive as the importunity of a beloved woman. When therefore the benevolence and virtuous qualifications of a wife are excited in the endearing avocations of tenderness, care, attention, friendship, he must be a disgrace to his species, and unworthy of participating in these accomplishments, who should refuse to be biassed to good actions, or conciliated to virtuous principles. I grant it is truly deplorable that such power over men is frequently abused by some women. Every Xantippe has not a Socrates to draw lessons of patience from the impetuosity of a virago, and hence conjugal recrimination is often a cause of ridicule with the sons of wit and levity, who are severe in raillery on the married, and equally unjust in their sarcasms on wedlock. Socrates, however, notwithstanding his ill luck in marriage, was yet unprejudiced, for in a discourse concerning love, he enforced his doctrines with such address, that every bachelor in his audience is reported to have formed the resolution of marrying, and every married man immediately went home to his wife.

Marriage is an institution formed for the most perfect delight. It awakens every sense, and calls forth every virtue; it inspires cheerfulness, corrects immodesty, and improves joy. It doubles every pleasure, because participated, it divides every affliction by voluntary sympathy. It holds up prudence to our observation, and recommends immorality to our contempt. It tells us to plant sincerity, and promises satisfaction for the fruit. By

reflecting on the important relation we bear to children and wife, we are induced to the practice of honour. By a consciousness of their interest and happiness in our reputation, we are content with mediocrity, abhorring the means of increasing a fortune at the expense of our good name, and their consequent degradation. By the acquisition or perfecting of honorable sensations and ideas, occasioned by our new appellations of *husband* and *father*, we are restrained from the commission of crimes.

If a man be not happy in his own house, where shall he look for happiness? It is the proper theatre of a woman's glory, it is the just bounds of a man's felicity. He may indeed wander in a fruitless search of extraordinary bliss, but the sole of his foot, like that of Noah's dove, will find no rest until returned to the ark of domestic tranquillity. The peace he enjoys at home, entitles him to respect abroad, gives joy to his conversation, and adds vigour to his friendships. It is this also, which consoles in calamity, and plucks out the arrow of ill-natured censure. Happy the man who with cool, determined indifference, can withdraw from the world's applause, and the world's envy, meeting in the smiles of a wife, gratifications which the former cannot abate by its subtilty, nor the latter embitter by its venom.

Need I reverse the subject and show the disorders, the horrors of licentious love—I forbear. It is sufficient that I hint that, rapine and murder, are among its evils, and that virtuous affection is the parent of prudence, and the nurse of innocence.

The way to secure conjugal love, is to deserve it. Reciprocal attention will induce constant contentment; tenderness itself a virtue, encourage its sister virtues, and "*Love be*" literally, "*the fulfilling of the law.*"

LEANDER.

The following superior act of benevolence, merits the highest possible commendation; where shall we search for deeds which bear more fully the stamp of real charity, and tender feeling? Our friends will read and be satisfied.

A young man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stepped in, and taken his seat near him, but quitted it

again; observing, that, since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat.—"This, Sir, is mine," said Robert, "would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening.—But I cannot believe you are a sailor."—"Nor am I—yet on Sundays and holidays, I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum."—"What! covetous at your age!—Your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour."—"Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well, perhaps I am mistaken—let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus:—"I perceive, young man, you are sad—what grieves you thus?"—"My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend, in person, the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than two thousand crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best—my mother and sister work day and night—I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can, on Sunday and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but, my mother apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray, do you ever hear from your father?—Under what name does he pass?—or what is his master's address?"—"His master is overseer of the royal garden at Fez—and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles."—"Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?"—"Yes, Sir."—"I am touched with your misfortunes, but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand, a purse, containing eight double louis d'or, with ten crowns in silver—and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness

to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children; and thanked them with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him, on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. 'Six thousand livres,' continued she, 'is the sum we wanted—and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present.' A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, 'unfortunate boy!' exclaimed he, 'what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once—and let us all die, if you have forfeited your integrity.'—'Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father,' cried the son embracing him—'No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment—I am not your deliverer—but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate on the fruits of his beneficence.' He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established; at last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him as he would an angel, as the saviour of a father and family, to share the happiness of his creation. The stranger again disap-

peared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was MONTESQUIEU.

Speech of LAS CASAS, against the cruelties exercised toward the Peruvians by Pizarro and his sanguinary followers.

Las Casas. "Is the bloody measure of your cruelties not yet full? When will these good children of innocence, who received you with hospitality, have endured enough? Oh, Almighty Power, whose thunder can cleave the rock, and whose sun melt mountains off, assist my words with thy strength, as thy goodness animates my will.—(To the assembly)—Cast a look upon the millions of victims which your rapacious hands have murdered. As gods were you received—as devils have you acted. Willingly and cheerfully were you presented with fruits and gold—in return you defiled the wives and daughters of your benefactors. Human nature was roused, and the oppressed complained. To silence them you sent blood hounds on the chase; and he who escaped this diabolical pursuit, was yoked to the plough, and forced to till his own land for you, or buried in the gold mines, to feed your insatiable avarice. You have vied with each other in committing murder, in splitting the skulls of guiltless men, in tearing children from their mother's arms, and dashing them against the rocks. At a slow fire you have broiled the hostile leaders; and, if their groans disturbed you in your sleep, you pushed gags into their throats. On thirteen gibbets you have hung as many Indians—Heavens! dare I avow it—in honour of our Saviour and the twelve apostles! My eyes have witnessed this abomination, and I still exist,—God, thou didst not appoint me, thy servant, to curse, but to bless; yet now my blessing would be blasphemy. My curse be upon you, fratricides, and upon your intentions! On you and your children rest the innocent blood which will be shed to-day! I leave you forever, that I may no longer witness your infatuation. In caverns and in woods will I secrete myself; with tigers and with leopards will I associate; and when we hereafter stand in thy presence, whose mild doctrine you have to-day denied, tremble, tremble, at my accusation.

Who in giving receives, and in receiving shares the bliss of the generous giver, is noble.

AN ANECDOTE.

The Duke of Lauzun was short and ugly, yet no man was ever more famous in gallantry, either by rank, or the number of his conquests. The queen of Portugal, and her sister, Mademoiselle D'Aumale, equally smitten with the duke, cast lots who should marry him. They agreed that, to give him a considerable fortune, she to whom the lot should be unfavourable, should take the veil, and give her whole property to the other. There is, perhaps, nothing more flattering in the annals of gallantry. Mademoiselle, sister to the king of France, wished to marry him publicly; and this passion, by its ardour, added to the subsequent coldness of her lover, rendered her life unhappy. It seems, upon first consideration, that wit, agreeableness of person, and other exterior advantages, are most likely to attract admiration and attachment. The Duke of Lauzun possessed none of these: he was allowed even to write *inelegantly*! It is difficult to imagine what qualities are most proper to gain the favours and distinction of the fair.

LOVE OF VIRTUE.—INSTANCE OF DION.

DION was educated in all the turpitude and servility of courts; accustomed to a life of softness, and what is still worse, tainted by ostentation, luxury, and every species of vicious pleasure; but no sooner did he listen to the divine PLATO, and acquired a taste for that sublime philosophy, which inculcates the practice of VIRTUE, than his soul became deeply enamoured of its charms. The same love of virtue with which PLATO inspired the mind of DION, may be silently, and almost imperceptibly infused by every tender mother, into the mind of her child. Philosophy, from the lips of a wise and sensible woman, glides quietly, but with strong effect, into the mind, through the feelings of the heart. Who is not fond of walking, even through the most rough and difficult paths, when conducted by the hand of Love? What species of instruction can be more successful, than soft lessons from a female tongue, dictated by a mind profound in understanding, and elevated in sentiment, where the heart feels all the affection her precepts inspire?

He who seeks to embitter innocent pleasure, has a cancer in his heart.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 13.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR
JULY.

Promenade Dresses for Kennington Gardens.—1. A round dress of white muslin, the bottom finished with lace or work; long sleeves: a long cloak of lilac silk, trimmed all round with white lace; a quilling of white net round the neck.—A round straw hat. Lilac shoes. York tan gloves.—2. A long dress of white muslin, with long sleeves of spider net; a cloak of worked leno, lined with coloured silk. A gypsy hat of chequered ribband. A white parasol.—3. A dress of white muslin, with a spencer of blue silk, the fronts made with points and finished with tassals. A gypsy hat of white silk, tied under the chin with blue ribband; a blue flower in front.—4. A dress of thick white muslin, a scarf cloak of green silk, trimmed with white lace. A bonnet of white muslin.—5. A long dress of white muslin; the bosom made quite plain, with lace let in round the front, to form a tucker. A pelisse of leno or piquet, lined with straw coloured silk. A turban hat of open straw.—6. A walking dress of white muslin; the front made high over the bosom and formed to the shape. A very long veil, embroidered all round, and put on to form both veil and cloak.—7. A dress of white muslin, with a cloak of leno, trimmed all round with puckered ribband, the hood full, and trimmed the same as the cloak. A small round bonnet of silk, the colour to correspond with the trimming of the cloak.—8. A cloak made of white muslin, or leno, trimmed all round with puffings of muslin; a small hood, trimmed to correspond. A gypsy bonnet of white muslin and lace; a silk handkerchief pinned to the top of the crown, and tied under the chin.

TWO FULL DRESSES

1. A dress of fine worked muslin, or leno, over an under dress of sarsnet; the train very long; turban sleeves, very short. White kid gloves and shoes. The hair dressed in the most fashionable stile, and ornamented with a medallion. 2. A dress of white muslin, embroidered round the bottom, and finished with small tucks. A long Spanish cloak of leno, or muslin, lined with straw coloured silk, and trim-

med with white lace. The cloak made with armholes. The hair dressed, and ornamented with a wreath of small flowers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

The prevailing colors are pale pink, lilac, and straw. Morning dresses are made a walking length, and trimmed round the bottom with lace or work. The fronts are formed to the bosom, with lace or work let in as fancy may direct; long sleeves, plain, or corresponding with the fronts. For dress, the trains are made remarkably long, and trimmed in every direction with lace; the bodies are so small that they are almost all lace, the backs being made very low, and the waist very short, with lace let in across, to form a diamond. Fancy silk hats and bonnets trimmed with flowers, or feathers, are much more worn than straw. The long Spanish cloaks are so prevalent that scarcely any thing else is to be seen. The mob cap, lined with colored silk, and ornamented with bows of ribband, or flowers, continue to be much worn in morning dress.

Our theatre, we are informed, will be opened on Monday evening, the 22d inst. with the popular Comedy of "THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE," by Thomas Holcroft, esq. performed in London with unlimited applause.

The management is with Mr. Cooper, from whose splendid abilities the lovers of the drama may anticipate the choicest mental feast.

Mr. Tyler, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Martin, Mr. Twaits, Mr. and Mrs. Darly, Mrs. Oldmixon, and Mrs. Jones, are, we are assured, engaged. From such an assemblage of talents, the public may reasonably calculate on superior entertainment.

The above mentioned Comedy is for sale at D. Longworth's—Shakespear Gallery.

A woman in Westmoreland, in this state, a few days ago, in the absence of her husband, murdered her four children and herself.

DIED, in England, of a broken heart, Mr. Farmer, well known as a carrier and retailer of newspapers. He had acquired by his extraordinary industry, parsimony, and *methoda peculiar to himself*, a sum amounting to 9000*l*. His manners and external appearance indicated extreme poverty; his plaintive stories very often excited pity, and induced many to act with tenderness towards him. The following circumstance has been related as the cause of Mr. Farmer's death: an old man, a news dealer, being much afflicted with disorders incident to advanced age, wished to dispose of his business, the sum demanded for it was 50*l*. Mr. F. seemed inclined to purchase, but could not think of advancing so large a sum as 50*l*. at one time; but, (supposing the old man could not live long) agreed to allow him 27*s* per week during his natural life. These terms were agreed to; the old man retired into the country, recovered his health, returned to London and exhibited his person before Mr. Farmer, which operated on him so powerfully, that the whole of his thoughts were engrossed with it; he gradually declined in health, his spirits became depressed, "sharp misery seemed to have worn him to the bone," and at last, distressed to part with the "darling object of his soul," in a flood of tears he retired to his garret, and in a few hours expired, leaving a brother and two sisters who were in indigent circumstances.

One hundred and eleven rattle snakes (says the last Canandaigua Repository) were killed a few days since, in the town of Reading, Steuben county, by three young lads, the oldest of which was not more than twelve years old. The snakes were all found in a hollow log.

On Tuesday night last four criminals made their escape from the goal in Hudson, by sawing a grate with a case knife, (closing the incision at intervals with pitch) cutting a lock from a door, and letting themselves down from the cupola by a rope made of their blankets. A reward of one hundred dollars is offered for their apprehension.

The city inspector reports the death of 49 persons, of whom 13 were men, 14 boys, and 16 girls, during the week, ending on Saturday last, of consumption 5, (3 men, aged 23, 24, and 26; and 2 women, aged 17 and 41.) de-

bility 1, dropsy 1, decay 2, dysentary 2, epilepsy 1, remitting bilious fever 2, malignant fever 1, typhus fever 3, infantile flux 10, hives 4, inflammation of the bowels 2, old age 1, palsy 1, St. Anthony's fire 2, scorfula 1, small pox 1, sprue 1, stillborn 1, teething 2, whooping cough 4, and 1 of worms.

The death of malignant fever was a sporadic case, Richard Howard, labourer, who resided at No. 55 East George st.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. James Taylor, to Miss Hannah Dolben, both of this city.

On Thursday, the 11th inst. by the rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. Charles Swift, of Chatham, to Miss Elizabeth Adviance of this city.

At Boston, on the 4th inst. Mr. James Fillis, merchant, to Miss Esther Clark, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Clarke.

At Baltimore, Wm. Warren, Esq. to Mrs. Ann Wignell, both of the Theatre.

On Friday, the 5th inst. by the rev. H. Quitman, the rev. Augustus Wackerhagen, to Miss Mary A. Mayer, of Rhinebeck.

DIED,

On Wednesday morning, in the 64th year of his age, after a lingering illness, Anthony Lippenard, Esq.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Stephen Wilcox, of the house of Stow and Wilcox.

On Tuesday evening, at the house of Mr. Jacob Harsen, in Bloomingdale, Mr. David Oakley, of a typhus fever, after an illness of only four days.

At Perth Amboy, after a long and severe illness, Ravaud Kearny, Esq. aged 67 yrs.

LITERARY ESTABLISHMENT.

A lady qualified to undertake the Education of Youth, and desirous of superceding one wishing to retire, may have reference for particulars by applying at this office.

* * The pupils are respectable, the situation eligible, and advantageous....a short distance from New York.

Sept. 13.

if

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

four young women who have a perfect knowledge of the TAYLOR'S BUSINESS.—The wages will be given. Apply at this Office.

* * Three or four apprentices wanted to the above business.

Sep. 6.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

Of TORTOISE and mock TORTOISE SHELL COMBS, for sale at John Barham's Hardware Store, 103 Maiden Lane.

Sep. 6.

3 m

A NEW NOVEL.

This Day is Published, by
I. RILEY, & Co.

NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY,

PRICE 1 DOLLAR,

A NEW NOVEL, BY MISS EDGEWORTH,
CALLED,
LEONORA.

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She here undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation. This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the fashionable female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue: none can boast of a still more polished or attractive.

July 19.

4 t

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 71, Nassau to No. 29 Partition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved SURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 29 Partition street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. White's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS;

FOR SALE BY

N. S M I T H,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving...with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

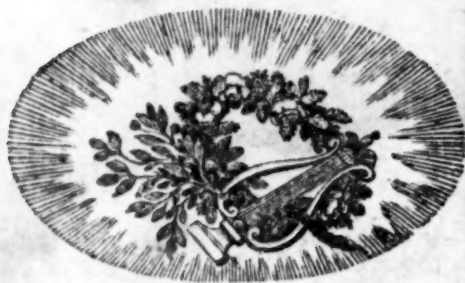
His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24, 1836.



SONG.

BY DIBDEN.

A WEEK'S JOURNAL OF A
GIDDY GIRL.

LECTUR'D by Pa and Ma o'er night,
Monday at ten, quite vex'd and jealous,
Resolv'd in future to be right,
And never listen to the fellows;
Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text,
Receiv'd a note from Mrs. Racket;
I hate that woman, she sat next,
All church time, to sweet captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care,
The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven;
I dreamt the captain through the air
On Cupid's wings bore me to heaven:
Pouted and dined, dressed, looked divine,
Made an excuse, got Ma to back it,
Went to the play, what joy was mine,
Talked loud and laugh'd with captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay,
The girl's quite alter'd, said my mother,
Cried Dad, I recollect the day
When, dearest, thou wert such another.
Danc'd, drew a landscape, skim'd a play,
In the paper read that widow placket
To Gretina Green had run away,
The forward minx, with captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick; poor soul she'll die;
Five doctors came with lengthened faces;
Each felt my pulse; ah me, cried I,
Are these my promis'd loves and graces?
Friday grew worse; cried Ma, in pain,
Our day was fair, Fates do not black it;
Where's your complaint love? In my brain,
What shall I give you? Captain Clackit.

Early next morn a nostrum came
Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices,
A letter, I had been to blame,
The captain's truth brought on a crisis.
Sunday, for fear of more delays,
Of a few clothes I made a packet,
And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
And ran away with captain Clackit.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe... POPE

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

After this great man had received his death wound, at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him. At the same time a poor soldier was carried along desperately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle, just as he was lifting it to his mouth; upon which he instantly delivered it him, with these words, *Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*

It is unlucky that the *very* reason which makes Eugenio think, his stories entertaining, should make *me* think they are troublesome—*Their being of himself.*

One great disadvantage to the cause of truth is its being so often in the hands of liars.

Some men are seldom out of humour, because they are seldom in humour. We read of a wit who, on his servant giving him warning, asked "Why he wished to leave him?" The man replied, his temper was so violent. "But," said the wit, "my ill-humour is soon off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then it is soon on again."

There are happy days, but no happy lives.

It is said of the celebrated doctor Radcliff that he was not in the habit of paying his bills without much following and importunity: nor then if any chance appeared of wearing out the patience of his creditors.

A pavier, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury square, and set upon him. "Why you rascal said the doctor, do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor, said the pavier, mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "What, you are a wit are you, said the doctor, well, you must be *floor*, come in." The man was paid.

The presence of the object we love consoles us for every thing, even for her coldness.

A PRODIGY INDEED.

To Cato once a frightened Roman flew;
The night before a rat had gnaw'd his shoe,
Terrible omen, by the gods decreed!
Cheer up my friend, said Cato, mind not that,
Though if, instead, your shoe had gnaw'd the rat,
It would have been a prodigy indeed.

The count de Grasse being wounded in the knee by a musket ball, the surgeon made many incisions. Losing patience, he asked them wherefore they cut and carved him so cruelly? We seek for the ball, said they. Why the devil did you not speak before, said the count, I have it in my pocket.

FORCE OF HABIT.

The old clerk of Newburyport, has been employed almost exclusively to cry auction sales. The other day after proclaiming the loss of a pocket book, he involuntarily concluded, as usual, "Sale at 12 o'clock."

The Conversation Hats "covering one ear," are for the convenience of the ladies, who may chuse to lend one of their little organs to a lover, and turn the other to advice.

Socrates used to say, that he had rather inscribe his sentiments on the hearts of men than on the skins of animals.—But surely this wish would confine their utility to his neighbours. On the contrary it seems the duty of a philosopher not only to exert his wisdom for the benefit of the age in which he lives, but to transmit his instructions to posterity.—He should, therefore, by committing them to writing, make them pass into the hearts of all his acquaintance, strangers, and future ages.

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